

Weekly Science Chat With Billy The Stick In Cellblock D

comedy sketch idea

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A group of men in a state prison meet every week for “Weekly Science Chat With Billy The Stick In Cellblock D”. Here technologically interesting suggestions for the Big Escape Plan are brought forward and discussed, in pseudo TV show format, with convict host Billy The Stick and each week’s special convict guests. This also involves a sort of studio audience (but no cameras) comprised of exaggeratedly stupid and agreeable convicts. Each new idea for the escape plan appears to involve some amazingly absurd, stupid convolution of technology. Such as a big helicopter propeller on a treehouse in the woods for after they’ve escaped, to escape more, involving power drills, this suggestion coming from Limpy Westy. Who was introduced to the group by Billy The Stick, for those who didn’t already know, as being in for attempting to rob a bank by using a power drill on the floor of the bank’s men’s room during normal banking hours. “Lousy break getting caught like that, Limpy,” Billy adds to his intro, which is met with a murmur of sympathy from the other cons. It almost seems as if Limpy’s own brand of stupidity is reflected in this new idea for their escape plan. No matter how ridiculous, each idea is always met with instant approval all around, from Billy The Stick on down to the other cons. Suggestions are built upon those previous suggestions that received approval (i.e., any and all previous suggestions). “And now let’s hear a new idea regarding last week’s approved suggestion of generating more weed resin to act as glue to hold the forks together in Limpy’s helicopter blades. This idea comes from Horace Wampman, who as many of you know is in for his magic flashlighter pen not hypnotizing his father-in-law into giving him the safe combination the way his father-in-law pretended it was hypnotizing him. Horace’s idea is that we can collectively generate more weed resin for the glue, by each smoking anywhere from approx. 7, to approximately 32 percent more weed every week. Larry, you can arrange that, right?” This idea is instantly met with a murmur of approval, building into a standing ovation. Billy The Stick is eventually required to be slightly firm to reestablish order, though initially his own hoots of approval added to the general enthusiasm. And so the next suggestion is then brought before the group, instantly meeting with approval, then the next suggestion, etc. Eventually they must adjourn, as the guards have already shown suspicion as to how they could spend so much time each week meeting to discuss international recipes for chile, which is their front. There is a certain “Waiting For Godot” sense to the way they are all so hopelessly optimistic that each Rube Goldberg-esque absurd suggestion will somehow bear fruit, ultimately contributing to their eventual, greatly longed for freedom. Nevertheless, as the words “One Month Later” appear, we see this sizable group now enjoying themselves with champagne and caviar, in fancy clothes, in a fancy nightclub. Their conversation indicates the ridiculous ideas all worked perfectly, resulting in the perfect escape, as they knew it would. “I wasn’t so sure how well the weed resin glue was supporting our weight on one of the helicopter propellers made of forks, though. I think it was getting a little rickety for a minute, making some funny rickety sounds.” “Yeah, I noticed that.” There’s a general murmur of agreement.

The End